



THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

An Illustrated Paper, Published every alternate Saturday.

DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EDUCATION AND ELEVATION OF THE YOUTH.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

*But with all thy getting get understanding.—SOLOMON.
There is no excellence without labor.*

ELDER GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

VOLUME FIVE--FOR THE YEAR 1870.

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The Juvenile Instructor



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NO. 1

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

HOW eagerly this boy is listening is seen by the uplifted finger, and the air of pleasure and rapt attention which his face wears! He drinks in the sounds, whatever they are, eagerly. In the distance is seen a building with a spire, intended, doubtless, to represent a church. In that steeple there is a chime of bells, and those bells, to the ear of this boy, have a voice. They call him, as he fancies, by name, and they tell him a wonderful and pleasing story. At his feet you see a stick with a little bundle on it. He has traveled from London; in fact, ran away; and, being weary, has sat down by the road-side to rest himself. While sitting there he hears the ringing of Bow bells, a church in London. His name is Whittington, and these bells, to his surprise, seem to say to him:

"Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London."

The story of Whittington's life, as told, may be true, or may not be. There was a man by the name of Richard Whittington who was three times Lord Mayor of London. He was called Sir Richard Whittington, the King having made him a knight, which gave him the title of "Sir." Of this there is no doubt; but whether the popular stories about his boyhood, and the way he obtained the beginning of his wealth, are true or not, has never been ascertained. We, of course, cannot vouch for them.

It was in the year 13—that Richard Whittington was born. His birth-place was some distance from London, the capital city of England. His parents died when he was quite young, and he was left friendless. He had often heard of London, and its riches. The descriptions which

the country people and those who had been there gave of it, were very attractive to him. They inflamed his imagination. He pictured to himself a lovely city, where plenty abounded, no hunger, no thirst, plenty of clothes, fine houses and gold and silver in abundance. In his simplicity he thought if he could only reach London, all his troubles would be ended, for he could get what he wanted.

It must not be thought that this was a very strange and foolish idea of little Dick Whittington's. He was only a little boy; and we have seen men and women before coming here, who have had almost the same ideas about Salt Lake City. "Oh! if we could only get to Zion," they would say, "then we would be all right." All their troubles would be over; but, alas! for human expectations, they would come to Zion, and they would find that they had deceived themselves, just as little Richard Whittington deceived himself about London. Zion was again on the earth, but by coming here they were not relieved from labor, privation, temptation or the struggles which belong to this life. It was Zion; but they had to labor and seek for the spirit of it and to build it up.

In those early days in England there were no railroads; they had not been invented. They traveled and did their freighting by wagons. The road to London ran through the place where Whittington lived, and the wagons going to and from there passed frequently. He watched them, and, finally, got a chance to go to London with one of them. He soon found that London was a cold, hard place for a little orphan boy



without money. Probably it was in London then as it is now—there were so many poor boys, begging and almost starving to death, that the people did not notice them. By chance Whittington strayed to the house of a rich merchant, and sat upon his steps. He was sitting there when the merchant found him. Seeing he was a strange boy, and probably struck with his appearance, the merchant gave him a home. His duties were to help the cook in the kitchen; and he had a sleeping place given him in the garret. But he could not sleep with any comfort, the rats and mice were so troublesome. They ran over his bed, and kept him from sleeping. One day he saw a woman passing the house who had a cat to sell. She offered it to him for a penny. A penny had been given him for something that he had done a short time before, and he gladly gave it to her for pussy. Dick made a great pet of his cat. He, poor fellow, was glad to have something to love, for he had a hard time of it in the kitchen. The cook was passionate, and banged Whittington about, so that the poor boy was tired of his life. Pussy repaid Dick for his kindness to her. She was a deadly foe to the rats and mice, and Dick slept in his garret in peace.

Shortly after Dick bought his cat, the merchant, with whom he lived, sent a ship with a cargo of goods to the coast of Barbary. Before it sailed he told his servants that each of them might send something to trade off there, and they should have the money that their goods sold for. This was too good an opportunity to be lost. Money was to be made, and each one sent some article. But poor Whittington had no goods to send. He had nothing but his cat, and this, for the want of something better, he was willing to venture. The captain agreed to take it, and do the best he could with it for little Dick.

The cook still continued her abuse, and Dick thought he could bear it no longer, he did not have his pet cat, so he made up his mind to run away. He had gone some distance when he sat down to rest. His resting-place is pointed out to this day as "Whittington's stone." While sitting there he heard Bow bells ringing, and he thought they said to him:—

"Turn again Whittington, Lord Mayor of London."

He was so impressed by the imaginary voice of the bells that he returned to the merchant's house.

In the meantime the ship carrying Dick's cat had sped on her way to Barbary. When she reached that country the king invited the captain to dine with him. No sooner was the table spread with dainties than troops of rats and mice rushed on and carried off the food. In that country these vermin were a great annoyance to the people. They could not eat without being troubled by them. The captain bethought him of Dick's cat. He told the king and queen that he had a charming animal on board the ship, one that was very kind and gentle, but a great foe to rats and mice. They besought him to bring it there that they might see it. He did so, and pussy pleased them exceedingly. They gave the captain great stores of wealth for the cat, so that little Dick Whittington's venture, so laughed at by his fellow-servants, proved the best investment that could have been made. The captain was an honest man; he brought back the gold he had received for the cat. When the ship arrived the merchant called Whittington into his counting-house, and showed him the gold that the captain had brought back in place of the cat. Dick was a sensible little fellow; he did not allow the gold to turn his head; but he took his master's counsel about the best manner to invest it. He rose by degrees until he became a very great merchant and a very rich man, and was three times elected Lord Mayor of London.

[For the Juvenile Instructor.

Chemistry of Common Things.

POTASH SALTS.

BEFORE we proceed to the consideration of the combination of Potassium with other bodies, it will be well to commit to memory a few rules relating to combinations generally.

All matter appears to be subject to the influence of two forces of an entirely opposite nature, attraction and repulsion. To give the youthful mind an idea of the nature of these two different forces, one may be called an affection for, or attachment to, and the other an aversion or dislike to some other thing. Now we know that when we love the society of another we seem to be drawn towards, or attracted by, that individual; and if we dislike another, there is an opposite feeling and result. In this respect the lowest elements somewhat resemble us with this difference,—their attractions and repulsions never vary. For this reason they are said to be the result of a "law," which we must understand as a natural property or quality of things.

First, then, children, let us try to see the reason why—the "law" by which—some of the facts familiar to us are brought about. Potash, as seen in the experiment, was made from a metal and water. That is, the metal Potassium was placed in water, or upon ice, which is water in a solid form. We saw the metal dancing about upon the water in a burning state, tiny explosions taking place; presently the metal had disappeared. On testing the water it was found to possess new properties; on evaporating it a solid residuum was seen, which, upon examination, was found to be an *alkali*. Now, to get at the philosophy of this change, we have to see what materials were used to produce this new substance. Let us place them in order. Water: What is that? oxygen and hydrogen. As chemists, and for the sake of brevity and clearness, we will put this in symbols: O 2 H. Then there is the metal Potassium, the scientific name of which is "Kalium," its symbol K. Well, this is our material to work with. Next let us notice the action of these bodies upon each other. Why, the metal seems to be in an extacy of delight, so great is the *attraction* for that element. But why does it burn? Water does not burn! And why these little explosions? The metal is evidently being consumed as any other combustible body would be. Oxygen must be there somewhere to *support combustion*. Let us look at the formula, O 2 H plus K: it must be the oxygen of the water producing oxidation of the metal, the oxygen *prefers*, has a greater attraction for the metal than it has for the hydrogen. This also accounts for the explosions; it is characteristic of hydrogen, when free, to explode in the air. But by the formula, there are 2 H, that is, two atoms of hydrogen in water, are both set free? Let us see what potassa is, the *result* of this combination; O H K, it is a "hydrate" (from the word hydrogen) of the protoxide of potassium. One atom or equivalent of the hydrogen still remains with the oxygen. It seems, then, that one atom of K has taken the place of one atom of H. Yes, children; chemistry furnishes thousands of instances where new compounds are formed in this manner by *substituting* one element for another. This mode of combining is called "the law of substitution." Now read this lesson over again, it is a short but useful one; then, in the next, we may understand better the nature of potash salts. Suppose now, as chemists, we reduce all this into

a short compass by symbolic chemical equations, remembering, of course, that in equations it is understood that both sides of an equation are equal; then O ff H plus K equals O H K plus H, which we will simplify for the younger juveniles as water plus potassium equals or makes potassa plus hydrogen.

[For the Juvenile Instructor.
MISSIONARY SKETCHES

THE writer will probably never forget his first attempts at speaking in public. While yet a youth he was ordained one of the Seventy elders. The quorum of which he became a member was organized the day he was ordained, and he was selected to be its clerk. At the meetings of the quorum it was the custom of those of the Presidents who were present to make a few remarks, and then the members were called upon to speak. On such occasions he would get so nervous that he would have to stop writing some time before it came his turn to speak; and then, when he did get up, he scarcely knew what he said, his fright was so great. He constantly suffered from this feeling of fear whenever he attempted to speak at quorum meetings, or testimony meetings, and, in fact, for some time after starting on a preaching mission. There was one resolve that he made in the beginning, which he always kept, and which he desires to impress upon every boy and girl in Zion. He made up his mind that, whenever called upon, he would, with the help of the Lord, always ask a blessing, or pray or speak, and not try to excuse himself. And he kept this resolve. No matter how many were present, and how awkward and frightened he felt, he has always done what was requested of him. But how many times he has seen young men and women decline to speak and to pray when called upon! He has both pitied and felt ashamed for them. Such persons acquire a habit of *balking*, and *balky* men and women are as bad in their places as balky horses are in theirs.

Many persons think that because they are bashful, and are not in the habit of asking a blessing or praying aloud that, therefore, they can excuse themselves when called upon to do so. But right-feeling people admire boys and girls, young men and young women, who have the courage and good manners to comply with a request of this kind, even if they should make awkward blunders, far more than they would if they refused to do so. What is called bashfulness is frequently nothing more than pride. Those who are troubled with it are generally anxious to appear to advantage; they desire the approbation of their fellows; and the fear that they will say or do something that will not come up to the standard, oppresses them and makes them nervous.

The first time the writer was called upon to speak to a mixed congregation of Saints and inquirers he was in the company of nine elders. There were only two or three of them who had ever spoken in public; but as he was the youngest of the party, and felt that he was but a boy, he thought they would all be called upon before him. To his surprise, however, the elder who was presiding called first upon him. True to his resolve, he arose and commenced. For two or three, or probably five minutes, he did pretty well. Then he got confused, his ideas were in a jumble, and he forgot all he ever knew. If the bottom had dropped out of his memory, it could not have been worse. He sat down, feeling a little ashamed; but not discouraged. He was on a mission, and he was determined not to back down and fail. But it is very mortifying to get up to speak and then break down.

After this he took a three weeks' voyage to the country to which he was appointed on a mission. After landing he attended a public meeting of strangers who had never heard the gospel. It was held in a Seamen's Bethel, the minister having kindly offered it to the Elders for their meeting. One of the Elders spoke on the first principles, the writer followed him and bore testimony and made some other remarks. He was much frightened and embarrassed; but he spoke at greater length than he did before.

After this, circumstances required him to go out among the people alone. In that country, where they had no bells to ring, they called the people together by blowing a conch shell. When skillfully blown, one of these can be heard at a long distance. As the hour approached for meeting, it was customary to commence blowing the shell, and then our young missionary would be seized with trembling. The feeling of dread was terrible. He had been in places of peril where life was in danger; but he never felt as he did about preaching. He was alone and a stranger, and among a strange people. But he would not shrink. He knew that the gospel was true, that he had the authority to preach it, that the people had to be warned, and, therefore, with all his fear, he could not hold his tongue. He felt like Paul did when he said to the Corinthians: "Woe unto me if I preach not the gospel!"

About six weeks after he commenced his ministry alone two messengers arrived from a distant town to invite him to come there and preach. They had heard about the doctrine he taught, and the people he had baptized, and they wanted to learn more about the principles. He returned with the messengers. A large meeting house was obtained in which to preach. It was crowded, for the people had never heard a sermon from a Latter-day Saint. You can imagine how he felt. Here was a people anxious to hear, and yet how weak he was, and how full of fear and trembling! When he arose to give out the hymn the sound of his voice in the large building scared him. Then he prayed, and afterwards gave out another hymn. He then read a portion of scripture. He had called mightily upon God for help. When he commenced to speak the Spirit of the Lord rested upon him as it never had done before. The people had faith, and their hearts were prepared to receive the truth. For upwards of an hour he spoke, and he was so carried away in the Spirit that he was like a man in a trance. Joy filled his heart and the hearts of the people. They wept like children, and that day was the beginning of a good work in that place.

I shall not attempt to describe to you the gladness that our young missionary felt. He had been a slave; but now he was free. God had broken the bands of fear, and he felt to glorify Him for His goodness. From that day to this he never has suffered from those dreadful feelings which oppressed him. Still, there are but few public speakers, especially in this Church, who do not have a nervous feeling when they first arise to speak; and it is frequently the case that when they feel the most nervous they are enabled to speak with the greatest power. They feel their own weakness, and they seek unto God for help.

Many of the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR may yet be sent on missions, and the recollection of this sketch may help them to persevere. Never decline to ask a blessing, to pray or to speak when called upon, and God will help you to overcome all feelings of fear.

We intend to give occasional sketches of this description for the benefit of our JUVENILES.

WRITE your name in kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of those you come in contact with, and you will never be forgotten.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON - - - EDITOR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1870.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

NUMBER one of Volume Five! How quickly time flies in these busy days! It does not seem to us that four years have passed since we sought to fill what we felt was a void by publishing the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. Yet it is so; four years have gone never more to return. The editor and his readers ought to be well acquainted by this time. He feels a strong friendship for the JUVENILES, stronger than he could have had, he thinks, if he had not published the INSTRUCTOR. How do they feel towards it? It has had its faults; probably no one knows this better than the Editor; yet it has had its good qualities. There is one thing that can be said of it,—it has always aimed to tell the truth. Nothing has appeared in its columns that the Editor had reason to believe was false. It has been his constant aim to make the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR a paper that could be relied upon both by young and old. This he thinks is a very important point.

The JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR could have been published at much less expense than it has cost if the Editor had taken a different course. He could have published tales and stories and selected matter with much less trouble. This kind of reading might have suited some people; but the Editor would have felt condemned to have given his readers such reading; for it was not to make money that the paper was started. The object was to instruct the children of this Territory—to furnish them with useful knowledge. And no one, unacquainted with the business, knows the labor that has been spent upon this little paper in preparing the articles which it contains.

The Editor receives a number of children's papers and magazines published in the Eastern States. He knows the kind of reading there is in nearly every paper of the kind published in the entire country. But it is a matter of surprise to him how little there is in these papers that is really suitable for children, or that is proper reading for them. It is but seldom that he can find anything in them that he thinks is worth republishing. He recollects a beautiful child's magazine that was started in an Eastern city about the time the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR began. The paper, the ink and the engravings were very fine, and the articles were generally very good. But though that paper is as well printed now as it was in the beginning, there is a great change in the character of the reading it contains. The Editor would as soon let a child read a novel as to read that paper now; for the stories with which its pages are filled are not true. They are fiction, and are dished up in an exciting style, to please the fancy. Let children have such reading, and it will not be long before the plain truth will not satisfy them. Their appetite will be spoiled for it, and they will grow up novel-readers. This habit of novel-reading is very common in these days, and is the cause of many of the evils which prevail in the world.

The world contains plenty of truth which the people who

live in it should know; then why spend time in writing and reading that which is untrue? It is very foolish to do so, and children who read such things grow up with vain and unsound ideas, which do them harm and unfit them for the real duties of life. It is better for them to read that which is true, even if they do not read so much, for they make better and more useful men and women.

Whether the contents of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR has answered the hopes of its friends the Editor must leave them to judge. Those who have read it carefully from the beginning know whether it has been profitable to them. He flatters himself that they have learned many truths from its pages, and that its four years' teachings have shaped the thoughts and directed the minds of the Juveniles of this Territory for good. If it has done this, he is satisfied. He wishes this Volume also to perform its mission of good—to bring light, joy and health to the mind of every one who reads it—to teach the children the truth, and to inspire them with pure and lofty aims. Should the INSTRUCTOR receive encouragement, it may be deemed wisdom at some future time to issue it every week; but this will depend on the support it receives. The Editor, in the meantime, hopes that every blessing necessary for happiness may rest upon the Juveniles.

WE desired to commence Volume Five of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR in type made at-home, and with this hope have delayed the publication of our first number. But, after waiting until the present for the casting machine, which we are having made in New York, we have concluded to wait no longer. We regret the delay, and the more so as the object for which we have waited so long is not accomplished. We have used such type as we have, and it is our intention to continue to issue the numbers as fast as we can until we are able to get them out at date.

MANNERS.—Young folks should be mannerly. How to be so is the question. Many a good boy and girl feel that they can not behave to suit themselves in the presence of company. They feel timid, bashful, and self-distrustful the moment they are addressed by a stranger, or appear in company. There is but one way to get over this feeling and acquire graceful and easy manners, that is to do the best they can all the time at home, as well as abroad. Good manners are not learned from arbitrary teachings so much as acquired from habit. They grow upon us by use. We must be courteous, agreeable, civil, kind, gentlemanly and womanly at home, and then it will soon become a kind of second nature to be so everywhere. A coarse, rough manner at home begets a habit of roughness, which we can not lay off if we try, when we go among strangers. The most agreeable people we have ever known in company, are those that are perfectly agreeable at home. Home is the school for all the best things, especially for good manners.

HOME CHEERFULNESS.—Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases they are apt to seek it; if it displeases they are prone to avoid it. If home is the place where faces are sour, and words harsh, and fault-finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere. Let every father and mother, then, try to be happy. Let them talk to their children, especially the little ones, in such a way as to make them happy.

A STRANGE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

OUR little friends will perceive in a moment that our picture does not represent a class of students belonging to the University of Deseret, nor indeed of any school in Utah. We have no doubt, however, but that our boys would readily exchange the dull, hot school room on a summer afternoon, for the quiet shade of some wide spreading tree, there to dive into the mysteries of grammar, or work out some difficult sum in arithmetic with the pleasant breeze fanning their cheeks and rustling the leaves overhead. But the studious little fellows we see in our picture dwell in a land that is afar off, where the custom is to keep school out in the open air. That country is called Turkey and the little boys are Turks. We once knew a lady in Europe who thought the people of Turkey must be called Turkeys; for she remarked one day: "I have just seen such a grand sight, the Turkey ambassador riding in his carriage, and all the Turkeys walking two by two."

But, as we told you, the people of Turkey are called Turks, so it is with other nations; thus those who come from Sweden are called Swedes; those from Denmark, Danes; those from Switzerland, Swiss; those from Germany, Germans; those from France, French; and those from Spain, Spaniards.

We can readily imagine that these little scholars reside in Smyrna, Aleppo, Damascus or some other city of Turkey in Asia, for the Sultan, who is the King or Emperor of the Turks, has large possessions in both Europe and Asia. Egypt, in Africa, is also tributary to him. If you will look at the map, you will find all these countries bordering the eastern portion of the Mediterranean sea, you will also see that Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nazareth and in lead nearly all the places mentioned in the Old and New Testaments are in the dominions of the Sultan of Turkey. The people who now live in the land where Jesus once dwelt, do not believe that he is the Savior of mankind, they, however, do esteem him as a great prophet, but they do not know that his blood was shed for the salvation of the world. These people are called Mohammedans, because they believe in a prophet, named Mohammed, whom Christians do not believe in. He was a native of Arabia, and no doubt a very good man, and the religion he taught is believed in by millions of people; but there is a great difference between being a good man and being a Prophet of God. There have been thousands of good men who have lived upon the earth, who were honest, just and upright; but they were not prophets of God, for He never called them, nor sent them with a message to any people. He never spoke to them, nor revealed his mind and will to them, nor gave them a

portion of the Holy Priesthood; indeed they knew nothing about the revelations of Heaven, nor the ways of the Lord. Perhaps if He had sent an angel to many of them, they would not have received his message; but what little they did know of the teachings of Heaven that they lived up to. Mohammed was a descendent of Abraham, through Ishmael, and had doubtless inherited the prophetic gift. But we have no reason to believe that he held any of the priesthood, and therefore many of his revelations were wild and strange. Yet he performed a wonderful work and gathered together a mighty people. He taught one great truth to his heathen kinsmen, namely, "there is but one God," and he added, "Mohammed is His prophet." When he taught this the people amongst whom he dwelt were idolaters and believed in a vast number of gods.

It is quite likely that these boys are studying the Koran, which is the sacred book of the Mohammedans, just as the Bible, the Book of Mormon and the Book of Doctrine and Covenants are to us. The good boys in Turkey, Persia, Egypt, Barbary, Arabia, and the other countries where this book is regarded as containing the word of the Lord, learn a great portion of it; but if in the Arabic it is anything like the English translation we have seen, it must be very dry work to commit it to memory, and we would almost as soon set about learning the names of the Princes of Israel in the Book of Numbers, or the other long lists of



names in the Book of Chronicles.

Perhaps, out of curiosity, some of our young folks would like to read an extract or two, from this strange book. Here is one, regarding the day of judgment:

"In the name of the most merciful God,

"Hath the news of the overwhelming day of judgment reached thee? The countenance of some, on that day, shall be cast down; laboring and toiling; they shall be cast into scorching fire to be broiled, they shall be given to drink of a boiling fountain; they shall have no food, but of dry thorns and thistles; which shall not fatten, neither shall they satisfy hunger. But the countenances of others, on that day shall be joyful; well pleased with their past endeavors; they shall be placed in a lofty garden, wherein thou shalt hear no vain discourse; therein shall be a running fountain; therein shall be raised beds, and goblets placed before them, and cushions laid in order and carpets ready spread But whosoever shall turn back, and disbelieve, God shall punish him with the greater punishment of the life to come."

Here is another, in which God is represented as speaking of how He formed man:

"We formerly created man of a finer sort of clay; afterwards we placed him in the form of seed in a sure receptacle. Afterwards we made the seed coagulated blood; and we formed the coagulated blood into a piece of flesh; then we formed the piece of flesh into bones; and we clothed those bones with flesh; then

we produced the same by another creation, wherefore blessed be God, the most excellent Creator."

To us this seems a very round about way of making a man.

One more extract and we have done. It is entitled "the declaration of God's unity."

"In the name of the most merciful God. Say, God is one God; the eternal God, he begetteth not, neither is he begotten; and there is not any one like unto him."

But enough, our young friends, whose minds are illuminated by the light of the gospel, cannot fail to notice the difference between the doctrines taught in these revelations of Mohammed and the gospel.

G. R.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

MENTION was made, in the last number of volume four, of letters which passed between Joseph and Governor Ford. A few days before they were written Joseph addressed the Nauvoo Legion, which was drawn up in the street close to his house. He stood, dressed in his full uniform as Lieutenant General, on the top of the frame of a building, so that his voice might be heard by the thousands present.

Joseph was a most noble-looking, angelic man at ordinary times; but on that occasion there was a grand dignity in his appearance that was very impressive. He spoke with remarkable power, even for him, whose discourses were always powerful and heart-piercing. The vast assemblage listened to his words with breathless attention. He had them under his control, and they were imbued with the same spirit that filled him. Had he expressed a wish to meet the mob and fight it, they would have gone with joy. It is no wonder the prophet's words sank deep into their hearts; it is no wonder that to their sight he appeared exceedingly grand, or that his words impressed them so deeply. It was the last time, in the flesh, that they were to listen to the music of his voice, or to feel the spell of his inspiration and genius. It was his last public discourse! Little did his hearers think that a few short days that godlike form, so perfect in its manly beauty, would be locked in the arms of death, and that that voice, whose eloquence entranced them, would never more be heard from mortal lips. The great love which they bore him would have prompted hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of those then present, to gladly die for him. But though he had spoken for some time past in a manner to convey the idea that he was not to remain long in their midst, and had often remarked in public and in private that the authority and the burden and responsibility which rested upon him he had transferred to the Twelve Apostles, yet none seemed to realize that the time for his departure from this life was drawing near. For some reason it seemed as though the minds of the people were incapable of com-

prehending such an event. Joseph, and the work of God which he had established, appeared so inseparably connected in their minds that they had not conceived it possible for that work to progress without him. Hence, his words, in reference to his leaving them, were not understood and were almost passed unheeded; and another consequence was, he was not watched over with that vigilance and shielded with that care that he should have been. His friends did not perceive this then; but afterwards they did, and sorrowed over it. Even in this discourse he had talked about his death as a possible, not to say a probable, event.

An idea had prevailed in some people's minds that if the wicked could only gratify their thirst for blood by killing Joseph, they would be satisfied, and draw off. But he assured his audience that as soon as they had shed his blood, they would thirst for the blood of every man in whose heart dwelt a single spark of the spirit of the fulness of the gospel. It was not his destruction alone they sought, but that of every man and woman who dared to believe the doctrines that God had inspired him to teach. The subsequent history of this Church shows how truly his words on this subject have been fulfilled.

He alluded to the labor of the Saints in turning the bleak and barren prairies and swamps into beautiful farms, towns and cities; yet the men who sought the Saints' destruction cried "thief," "treason" &c., while at the same time they themselves violated the laws, stole and plundered from their neighbors, and sought to destroy the innocent, doing these things to screen themselves from the just punishment of their crimes. He called God and angels and all men to witness that he and the Saints were innocent of the charges which were brought against them by their enemies, through the public prints. He gave a recital of all that had happened, and the cause which had led to the excitement that then prevailed. He asked the Legion if they would stand by him and sustain, at the peril of their lives, the laws of the country and the liberties and privileges which his fathers and theirs had transmitted unto them, and sealed with their blood. One universal response went up from the multitude assembled, that they would. He then called all men, from Maine to the Rocky Mountains, and from Mexico to British America, whose hearts thrilled with horror to behold the rights of freemen trampled underfoot, to deliver the Latter-day Saints from the cruel hand of oppression and misrule to which they had long been subjected. He drew his sword and presented it to Heaven saying, "I have unsheathed my sword with a firm and unalterable determination that this people shall have their legal rights and be protected from mob violence, or my blood shall be spilt upon the ground like water, and my body sent to the silent tomb." He said while he lived he never would tamely submit to the dominion of cursed mobocracy; he would welcome death rather than endure such oppression.

Though we do not see it stated in the written report of his sermon, which was compiled from memory after his death, we recollect that he declared that peace should be taken from the land, to all of which the people said "Amen."

Two days after making this address, he wrote to John Tyler, who was then President of the United States, enclosing copies of affidavits respecting the troubles, and asking him whether he, as President of the United States, would render that protection which the Constitution provided, and save the innocent and oppressed from horrid persecution.

While Joseph lived he spared no pains to bring the

real situation of the Saints and the persecutions they had endured, to the knowledge of the authorities of the land. The Lord had commanded His Saints to sue for peace, not only to the people who had smitten them, but also to all people, and to lift up the ensign of peace and make a proclamation for peace to the ends of the earth. This Joseph and the Saints did. The Lord also commanded them to "importune at the feet of the judge, and if he heed them not, let them importune at the feet of the governor, and if the governor heed them not, let them importune at the feet of the President." This revelation they fulfilled, and the Lord promised that, "if the President heed them not, then will the Lord arise and go forth out of His hiding place, and in His fury vex the nation." He and the Saints having done all that they could in appealing to judges, governors, and to presidents, had of necessity to leave their cause with the Lord.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO BE A MAN.

NOT long since, a boy of some seventeen years of age called on a merchant doing a large business in New York. Being busily employed at the time, the boy had to wait a little before getting an opportunity for an interview. Occasionally the merchant cast a glance at him as he stood respectfully at a short distance. He was rather poorly clad, and showed evidences of pretty hard work; but his face indicated honesty and common sense, with a firm and energetic manliness, under the somewhat rude exterior. A practical business man requires but brief examination of a boy to declare as to his weight and worth of character.

When at liberty, the merchant said:

"Well, my young friend, what can I do for you?"

"I called, sir," he replied, "to ask you for a situation as an engineer. I was told you were having a new engine built, and I want you to give me a place. I'd like to run it for you?"

"Are you an engineer?" asked the gentleman.

"No, sir; but I can be," he answered, setting his lips firmly together, standing squarely before the gentleman, and looking him full in the face. "I don't understand the business well; I know something of it, though. But I can be an engineer and I will be. And I wish you would give me a chance."

His modest but determined manner pleased the merchant. He was having a new engine built for a certain department of his business and could, of course, have as many experienced operators as he desired. It was no object for him to take up an unexperienced boy and attempt to train him; no object except to help the boy. Such deeds he was noted for; a fact which, no doubt, had encouraged the boy to make his application.

"What are you doing now?" he inquired.

"Working in a machine-shop, in Brooklyn. I have been fireman, and I often worked the engine. I think I could get along pretty well with one now, if anybody will have a little patience with me."

"What wages do you get?"

"Five dollars a week, sir."

"What do you do with your money?"

"Give it to my mother, sir."

"Give it to your mother! humph! humph! what does your mother do with it?"

"Well, you see, there is mother, sister and me; and mother takes in sewing. But it goes pretty hard, you know. They don't give much for sewing, and its pretty

hard work, too. And then with the other work she has to do, you know she cannot get along very fast at that rate, so I help her all I can. If I could get an engineer's place, I could get more wages, and it would make it easier for mother."

"How do you spend your evenings?" asked the gentleman.

I attend the free schools in the Cooper Institute, studying mechanics," he replied. "I spend all the time I can get studying. I know I can be an engineer."

"Do you ever drink liquor?"

He looked up with an expression of astonishment on his countenance that such a question should be asked, but answered firmly: "No, sir."

"Do you chew, or smoke, or go to the theatre?"

"Never—can't afford it. Mother needs the money. And if she didn't, I could make a better use of it. I'd like to have some books if I could only spare the money to get them."

Telling him to call at a certain time, when he expected his engine would be in use, and he would talk further with him, he dismissed him. "But, he must have that engine," said the merchant to a friend to whom he related the circumstance. "He will make a man, that boy will. A boy who is determined to do something; who gives his mother all of his money to lighten her burdens, who does not use tobacco, and does not go to the theatres; who spends his evenings in study after working all day,—such a boy would make a man, and deserves to be helped. I have not told him so, but I shall take him and put him under one of my engineers until he is fully capable of taking charge, then let him have the engine. He will get twenty dollars a week then instead of five, and be able to lighten a mother's burdens, have clothes to wear at church, and buy books to aid in his business."

A noble boy, though hidden among hard conditions and under unattractive garbs, will work out and show his manhood. He may not always find friends to appreciate him; but determined, virtuous, and willing to endure, he will in time conquer.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

Little fresh violets,
Born in the wild wood;
Sweetly illustrating
Innocent childhood;
Shy as the antelope—
Brown as a berry—;
Free as the mountain air,
Romping and merry.

No grim propriety—
No interdiction;
Free as the birdlings
From city restriction!
Coining the purest blood,
Strength'ning each muscle,
Donning health's armor
'Gainst life's coming bustle!

Dear little innocents!
Born in the wild wood;
Oh! that all little ones
Had such a childhood!
God's blue spread over them,
God's green beneath them,
No sweeter heritage
Could we bequeath them!

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.

ALLEGORICAL.

OH dear! what a long word! What does it mean, and what can the young lady in the picture have to do with it?"

"Perhaps it's her name."

"Oh, nonsense, we never heard of a girl being called Allegorical; though we have known a few who bore very queer names, but not quite so bad as that."

"Now, look at the picture and tell us what you see there. A young lady do you? Very well; it is not the portrait of any particular lady, it may be you or me or any other girl. But what else? Behind her are some tall factory chimneys, a building which looks like a mill, a large water wheel, &c.; on the ground near her feet are several tools, while she holds in her hand a shaft with a small pinion at one end.

Very good, now what are factories, mills, wheels, and tools associated with? With machinery. Yes, and what is machinery used for when placed in mills or factories? Why, to make or manufacture all kinds of goods and a host of other things. That's it. Now we can tell you that the young lady surrounded with mills, factories, machinery, hammers, squares, &c., &c., is an allegorical figure representing *manufacture*.

Let us now turn to our dictionary and find out the meaning of Allegorical, and we shall soon understand how it applies to our picture.

Ah! here it fully. "ALLEGORY, a figurative representation, in which the words, signs, or forms signify something beyond their literal and obvious meaning; a symbolical writing or representation; the expression of an idea by means of an image (or picture); a fable; a type." "We have a fine example of an allegory in the eighteenth psalm, in which God's chosen people are represented by a vineyard. The distinction in Scripture between a parable and an allegory, is said to be, that a parable is a supposed history, and an allegory, a figurative discription of real facts." Now do you understand how the picture represents manufacture? If you do, you will perhaps comprehend when you see the like in other books or places that they are called Allegorical.

A female, often some goddess of the ancient Greeks or Romans, is generally used in such pictures as the principal figure. For instance, a beautiful young lady with a red cap is usually designed to represent liberty, sometimes Columbia, the emblematical lady, who represents the land of liberty in which we dwell. Another lady, rather older, armed with shield, trident and breastplate, with a lion crouching at her feet, usually sitting by the seashore, is called Britannia, and is understood to personify or stand for Great Britain. Many of you have seen her form and features on the half-pence and pence you spent in other days. Still another lady, not unlike Britannia in many respects, only not so warlike in appearance, is Helvetia, who, standing in the midst of high mountains, typifies the mountainous little country of Switzerland. Some of



is,—"Allegorical, in the manner of allegory,—figurative, describing by resemblance." We had now better turn to allegory, to understand the idea more

you have handled centimes and sous with her image thereon when you resided in Europe.

Now if we see a picture of a woman surrounded by easels, paint-brushes, statues, models, paintings, &c., we understand that the idea of "painting and sculpture," or perhaps "art," is intended. Or of another picture of a lady reclining in the midst of a medley of organs, guitars, drums, violins and Jews'-harps, the idea of music is conveyed. When we see two figures, one with a terrible sad-faced mask in her hand, the other with one that is laughing all over, we understand they represent "Tragedy and Comedy" or "the drama." And so we might continue, but we presume you now understand what representing any thing Allegorically means, and can tell us what the long word at the head of our article has to do with Miss Manufacture in our picture.

Selected Poetry.

THE TWO WORKERS.

Two workers in one fie'd
Toiled on from day to day,
Both had the same hard labor,
Both had the same small pay;
With the same blue sky above,
The same green grass below,
One soul was full of love,
The other full of woe.

One leaped up with the light,
With the soaring of the lark;
One felt it ever night,
For his soul was ever dark;
One heart was hard as stone,
One heart was ever gay;
One worked with many a groan,
One whistled all the day.

One had a flower-clad cot
Beside a merry mill,
Wife and children near the spot
Made it sweeter, fairer still;
One a wretched hovel had,
Full of discord, dirt and din,
No wonder he seemed mad,
Wife and children starved within.

Still they worked in the same field,
Toiled on from day to day,
Both had the same hard labor,
Both had the same small pay;
But they worked not with one will,
The reason let me tell—
Lo! the one drank at the still,
And the other at the well.

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